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THE FABLE OF THE Sun and Frogs,

IN

ELEGANT LATIN VERSE,

Applyed

To the present State of Affairs

BETWEEN THE

FRENCH and DUTCH.

WITH

Three several *TRANSLATIONS* in *ENGLISH*, by three several Hands.

The first *nearer* the *Latin*; the other two allowing themselves a greater *Liberty* of *Phansie*.

LONDON,

Printed for *William Gilbert* Bookseller, at the *half* [illegible] in *Pauls Church-yard*. 1672.

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Appendix ad Fabulas Phædri ex Bibliotheca Leidensi.

Servare potui, *Perdere* an possim, rogas? *Sen. Med.*

SOL & RANÆ.

Ranæ Paludis Incolæ, *ambiguum* Genus,
Limoq; cretum, *Res* in immensum suas
Favore *Solis* auxerant: Etiam *Boves*
Vicina circum qui tondebant Gramina,
Ipsasq; Ripis pepulerunt Metu *Feras*.
Quin se *profundo* credere ausæ Gurgiti
Facto, *Siluros* atq; *Thynnos*, Agmine
Et *provocarant* sæpe, & sæpe *Vicerant*.
Hinc *Fastus* illas cepit & *Superbia*,
Majusque Crimen *Gratiarum Oblivio*.
Patroni Solis invidere *Gloriæ*,
Ingrata *Gens* decepit; & liventibus
Oculis tueri Mundo *adoratum* Jubar;
Nec se protervis abstinent *Convitiis*.
Nam sive ad *Indi* Littora obvertit *Rotas*;
Equos *Ibero* sive lavit Flumine;
Sive arduam *Leonis* ascendit *Domum*;
Lunæve Radiis *Cornua* aspersit suis;
Ranæ coaxant, & Clamore incondito
Queruntur omnia *perdere*: Ultrices simul
Minantur *Iras*, ni stet *immotus* Polo.
Pergenti Curru flammeo non segnius
Lustrare *Terras*, perfidæ tentant Viam
Obstruere: Fundo ab imo Cænosos *Lacus*,
Ulvasque putres, & Solo resides Aquas

Pedibus *petulcis* commovent. Cœlo *Vapor*
Conſurgit ater; & Diem *Caligine*
Extinguit almum: Riſit *Aſtrorum Parens*;
Et iſta Veſtrum *Tela* recident in *Caput*,
Procaces, inquit, *Beſtiæ!* Ergo colligit
Radios, Vireſque totas; inque *Fulmina*
Vapores nubilos denſamq; *Grandinem*
Momento vertit, & miſeras triſti opprimit
RANAS Procella. Fruſtra *Juncis* Corpora
Certant opacis tegere: fruſtra ſub *Luto*
Defoſſæ ſperant publica *Strage* eripi.
SOL Radiis haurit *Cuncta*; & ipſas *Ignibus*
Abſumit *Undas*. *RANÆ* ſeminſtæ crepant;
Milviſque & *Corvis* dulce præbent *Pabulum*.
Quarum *una* fertur cæteris *Conſultior*
Dixiſſe *Moriens*: Jam *Pœnas* exſolvimus,
Quæ *bene* de nobis meritis reddidimus, *Mala*.
At vos, *Nepotes*, diſcite *Vereri DEOS*.

Juxta *Exemplar* Editum *Amſte-*
lodami ad *Inſigne Jeſus*.

The first Translation.

An *Appendix* to *Phædrus* his *Fables*, as it was lately taken out of the Library at *Leyden*.

I could *preserve* ye; do ye doubt
Whether *I* now can *root* ye *out?* *Sen. Med.*

The SUN *and* FROGS.

THe *Frogs*, those *Fenniſh* People, as from *Earth*
And *Water* mixt in *Mud*, deriving *Birth*,
So in *both* Elements *Commerce* maintain,
From *this* to *that*, from *that* to *this* again.
Perſia's old *God*, and *France*'s new *Device*
The *Sun*, with friendly Beam theſe multiplies;
Nor their *Eſtate* augments leſs than *themſelves*,
Till *high* and *mighty* grow th'*amphibion* Elves,
Dreadful at *Sea* and *Land*: Here, round their Lakes,
Fear *tame* Beaſts *wild*, and *wild* Beaſts *wilder* makes:
There *Tunnies* they and *Whales* oft *ſet upon*;
Tunnies and *Whales* as oft they *overcome*.
Hence ſwell'd with *Pride*, and a vain *ſelf*-conceit,
Their nobleſt *Benefactors* they forget:
Yea, from-*blew* Eyes dart *envious* looks upon
The glitt'ring *Grandeur* of their *Patron SUN*:
And like *baſe Mud*, in terms of vile Diſgrace,
Throw vile *Aſperſions* in his *glorious* Face.

For

For whether he to the Rich *Indies* drive
His flaming Chariot, or his Horſes dive
In the *Iberian* Floud; or elſe reſort
Unto the Princely *Lion's* Royal Court;
Or laſt of all, his *native* Shine diſplay
Upon the growing *Avon* her *borrow'd* Ray;
Theſe *croaking* Creatures, in their *uncouth* ſtrain,
That all before him he *deſtroys* complain.
Bidding his *Sunſhip* threaten'd Vengeance fear,
Unleſs with ſpeed he ſtop his ſwift Career.
Such *threats* no *checks* are to his *Steeds*, but *ſpurs*,
To hurry on his fiery Chariots courſe.
This ſeen; theſe treach'rous Vermin ſtrive in vain,
Themſelves to give ſtop to his whirling Wain.
With buſie Feet their muddy Ponds they trouble,
And make foul Water every where to bubble
Among the putrid Reeds: ſtreight to the Skies,
From pudly Marſhes doth a dark Fog riſe
Effacing Day. *Sol*, laughing at their Toil,
Theſe *weapons*, ſaith, ſhall on your ſelves recoil,
Poor peeviſh *Animals!* Then Arms he all
His ſtrongeſt Beams, which in full Bodies fall
Among thoſe Fogs; ſo in a trice transforms
(Such *power* have *Gods*) all to impet'ous Storms
Of ſulph'ry *Thunderbolts*, and ratling *Hail*;
Then doth with theſe the wretched *Frogs* aſſail.
In vain they *ſhade* and *ſhelter*, at this need,
From broken *Bulruſh* ſeek, and batter'd *Reed*;
In vain in Water *dive*, *delve* into Mud,
Which nor ſuch *ſuppliants*, nor *themſelves*, long could
Preſerve from Ruine, by ſuch raging heat
Wherewith the incenſed *King* of *Stars* then beat
In upon both. Their *own*, or *other* Mens,
The *Dutch* ne're dreyn'd, as *Phœbus* theſe *Frogs* Fens

So's

So's the *House* ruin'd where the *Traytor's* found;
Storm'd *Troy* [illegible] to ground.
A Feast of *Boyl'd*, *Roast*, *Bakt*, now smell't, invites
(Lips for such *Lettice*) [illegible]
When a *grave Frog*, much wiser than the Rout,
Midst her expiring Kindred all about,
Was heard to say, This, this, just *Heaven*, we feel
For so much *good* repaid with so much *ill*.

You of our *Tribe*, who in *remote* Abodes
Survive this *Day*, learn to revere the GOD.

According to the Copy Printed at *Amsterdam*, at the *Sign* of the *Josua*.

The Second Translation.

High and *Mighty* who made ye,
From that *Height* can now *degrade* ye, &c.

Sen. Med.

SUN and FROGS.

THe *speckled* Tribe, sprung from the *womb of slime*,
Their *Parent SUN* proclaim in *croaking* rhime;
Their *Birth* and *store* own from his gentle Ray,
And to his *dance* about the World they *play*.
They *play*, and *sing* with golden Throats an *Ode*
To the proud *Persians*, and *their* common *God*;
Whose *kindly* influence *rais'd* their daring Heads,
From no less *mean* and *low*, than *loathsome* Beds:
Rais'd 'em so *high*, that when *Alarms* they sound,
Tame and *wild* Beasts are scar'd from neighb'ring Ground:
And the *Goliahs* of the *watry* Field,
To their puissant sholes oft forc'd to yield.
Hence swelling less with *Venom* than with *Pride*,
Their *mean Original* they fain would *hide*:
Creatures of *Sun* and *Slime*, *proudly* forget
The one, *ungratefully* the other treat.
Croak in *harsh* numbers from their noisome Seat,
Till *hoarse* with *wrangling* at *indulgent* heat;
If unconfin'd to their *impassion'd* Streams,
They vye not *circuit* with those *heavenly* Beams.
Let but the *SUN* wheel to the *Indian* Brine,
The large *Iberus*, or the *parched Line*;
The *Prince* of *Stars* visit that *Lion*'s Den,
That's *King* of the best *Beasts*, and bravest *Men*;

Or

Or let him proudly drown the *Turkish* Moon,
With vaster Torrents of his Lustier *Noon*;
Loudly they clamor, that he doth none *good*,
(Because not shining only on their *Mud*)
Nay, *Tyrant* like, merely to make him sport,
That with *insulting* Beams he doth all *hurt*.

With spiteful *Taunts*, revengeful *Threats* they mix,
Unless in *unmov'd* Poise his Chariot fix:
But finding Threats provoke *him*, and his *Speed*,
To *stratagem* and *force* they streight proceed:
Attempt to trash his Wheels, and plunge his Steeds
With *unexpected* Bogs, and *heap'd up* Weeds.
Mud too their *Dam* (unnatural *Brats*) provoke
To *rise* 'gainst their bright *Sire* in *slimy* smoke;
In smoke so thick and dark, they nothing doubt,
The *Day* and the *Day-maker* 'twould blot out.

The angry *God*, to punish this *proud* Shoal,
Burns, where he *warm'd*, with his *Celestial* Coal.
Sulphureous *Thunderbolts* their *Vapors* prove,
And on *themselves* in *stony* Tempests move.

In vain they lurk in holes the Storm would cease;
Or in *course* Croaking Language sue for *Peace*.
Sol deaf to all round in bright Triumphs hurld,
Consumes their *Floods*, and conquers their *low World*.

Frogs now, and *Toads*, like new'd, alike both fare;
Both *Boil'd*, *Roast*, *Bak't* in their own *Mud-paste* are;
Both *carbonaded*, and both you might see,
For *Crows* and *Kites*, cook'd into *Frigacie*.

One grac'd in *Front* with *Wisdom's* Jewel too,
At last bespake thus her *expiring* Crew,
We now *ungrateful* find our *Doom* and *Curse*,
A *Plague* to *Princes*, to our *Selves* a *worse*.
Punisht for Crimes *great* as our *Patrons* grown;
Let's dread the *Height* and *Vengeance* of their *Throne*.

The third Translation.

Rise and *Support* to *Me* ye ow;
And so shall do your *Overthrow*. *Sen. Med.*

The SUN and FROGS.

THe *Fenny* Folk from noisome *Slime* and *Dung*,
Mixt *Excrements*, of *Earth* and *Water*, sprung,
Through the rich Bounty of his *kindly* Ray,
Who *rules* the spacious *Empire* of the *Day*,
Enlarge, like *him*, the Bounds of their *Command*,
Than *he* more dreadful grow at *Sea* and *Land*.
At *Land* ev'n Beasts, Strangers till then to fear,
Tremble, when they their horrid *croakings* hear.
Their Hunger, which they dare not *satisfie*,
Forget, and from best neighb'ring Pastures flie;
Wild to their *Dens*, seeking *Protection* there,
And finding it from *Danger*, not from *Fear*.
Tame to their *Thickets*, and there *trembling* lay 'em,
Fearing their *trembling* pow'r least it *betray* 'em.
At *Sea* their *Insolence* more dreadful grew,
There oft they *fight*, as oft their *Conquest* too.
Nor *common* Enemies alone engage;
Tunnies and *Whales* too feel their Martial Rage;
Whales that of long unquestion'd Right make Claim,
As the sole *Soveraigns* of the liquid Main.
Here *Frogs* now *Lording* it, ingrate become
To their first *Parent*, and best *Patron* Sun;
Behold his *Glory* with *insolent* Eyes,
And his *fair Beams* *scorn* with *foul* Calumnies.

If *Indian* Brine his Raging Forehead Laves;
If he dive setting in *Iberian* Waves;
If to the Royal *Lyon's* Den he bring
The choicest *Tribute* of his *flowerie* Spring;
Or if he last from his exalted *Noon*
Dimme the *pale* Visage of the *Horned Moon*;
Which way so e're he move, the *Frogs* complain;
Croaking they *fret*, and fretting *croak* again.
As if his fierie Beams about he hurl'd,
To *burn* and *waste*, not *warm* and *cheer* the World,
Then in *full Period* charge him *stop* his *Race*;
Threat'ning *Revenge* if he but *change* his *Place*.
Hearing, not *heeding* Threats *beneath* his fear,
On still he drives, drives on in full *Carreer*.
Doth then the *Sun* our Threats thus slight, say they,
Too *high* to *stoope*, and too *proud* to *obey*?
In this blind Rage with restless Feet they stir
Water and *Slime*, and putrid *Reeds*, and *Mire*;
Till a thick sullen *Vapour* doth arise,
And with *substantial* Darkness blacks the *skies*.
What, ye *ill Natur'd* Vermine, what, quoth he,
Can such poor pievish *Spleen*, think ye, reach me?
Can your dark *Fogs* me of my *Lustre* spoil?
(This speaks with half a *Frown* and half a *Smile*)
Your *selves below* ye *clouds*; *I* still enjoy
Above my *Native* and *Essential* Day.
But so with *Envie* hath it us'd to fare,
To drink of its own *Poison* the *best* share:
And so shall *yours*: The *Weapons* you now form
Their fatal *Points* on your own *Heads* shall turn.
With that, he calls home all his fierie *Rays*:
And violent Cold the Air's *mid Region* sways:
Which o're that new made *Cloud* doth straight prevail;
Condenses first, then moulds it into *Hail*:

And in a Trice a smart swift *Storm* shows
Doth on those base ungrateful *Vermine* pours
Who now their *Wounded* Bodies hide in vain;
In vain seek *shelter* from the *pelting* Rain,
Whether they *dive* in *Mud*, or *sculk* in *Weeds*,
Or crawl from *Danger* under battered *Reeds*:
The *SUN* now glowing with *revengeful* Ire
Their nastie *Ponds* dreigns with his fiercest *Fire*,
Till *boild* and *roast* the *Vermine* each where lay
To *Crows* and *Kites* a sweet and easie *Prey*.
When a *grave Matron*, that might well have been
For her sage *Wisdome* their illustrious *Queen*,
Had they not been *Free States*; 'midst all the *Frogs*,
That now lay *gasping* round the *parched* Bogs,
Her last breath forming in sit *dying* Tone,
Was heard their so sad *Fate* thus to bemoan.
How Just the *Gods* are! how ungrateful *We!*
How well deserving such our *Destinie!*
Who *War* would wage 'gainst such both *Friends* and *Ods*:
Oh henceforth learn to *fear*, not *dare*, the *GODS*.

FINIS.